

A Special Word to Subscribers

WHEN you receive notice that your subscription has expired renew it at once, using the blank inclosed in your final copy. Please sign your name *exactly* as it appears on your present address label. Sometimes a subscriber who has already renewed may receive this blank. We begin to pack in mail bags five weeks before mailing, and the renewal may have reached us after the copy containing the blank has been packed. In requesting a change of address please give us five weeks' notice, and be sure to state your old address as well as the new one.

Should your subscription expire with this issue of THE HOME JOURNAL your renewal should be sent promptly to insure receipt of the March issue on the first of the month. We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Subscribers should always use Postal or Express money orders or Bank drafts in remitting. All Rural Free Delivery carriers can supply Postal money orders.

THE LADIES'
HOME JOURNAL

THE FAMILY MAGAZINE OF AMERICA

Incorporating The Home Journal
Registered in the United States Patent Office

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST DAY OF EACH MONTH BY

THE CURTIS
PUBLISHING
COMPANYINDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIAEDITED BY H. O. DAVIS
JOHN E. PARKER, ART EDITOR

Copyright, 1920 (Trade-mark registered), by The Curtis Publishing Company, in the United States and Great Britain. London Office, 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C. All rights reserved. Entered as second-class matter May 6, 1911, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, under Act of March 3, 1879.

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS
PRESIDENT
C. H. LUDINGTON
TREASURER
PHILIP S. COLLINS
GENERAL BUSINESS MANAGER
WALTER D. FULLER
SECRETARY
WILLIAM BOYD
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

The Price of The Home Journal

PUBLISHED once a month. By subscription, \$1.75 a year, postage free in the United States, Alaska, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. Single copies: 15 cents, obtained from all newsdealers. In Canada the subscription price is \$2 a year; single copies in Canada, 20 cents.

In Foreign Countries in the International Postal Union other than those named above: Subscription, post paid, \$3 a year, remittance to be made by International postal money order.

Our Advertising Branch Offices

(For advertising business only. Subscriptions not received.)

NEW YORK: Madison Avenue and 23d Street

BOSTON: Merchants' National Bank Building

CHICAGO: Home Insurance Building

SAN FRANCISCO: First National Bank Building

LONDON: 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

LET REVERENCE FOR THE LAWS be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.

Abraham Lincoln.

Are We Following in Lincoln's Footsteps?



HAS reverence for the law been breathed by every mother to the babe in her lap? Has it been patiently taught to the youth, becoming citizen? Not always. Ask crabbed old Mr. Cross down the street, whose laboriously cultivated garden has been uprooted; or Meek, the grocer, whose day's profits have disappeared because Jimmie Green and his playmates thought it would be fun to topple a crate of eggs to the sidewalk; or Shanks, the liveryman, whose fine mare was idle for a month after Joey Smart lit a firecracker under her to see her jump. They will tell you that even then they could have grinned, had only Jimmie and Joey been introduced to a thick-soled slipper as a guide to future conduct. But Mrs. Green thought that Meek should be ashamed of himself for scaring that sunny little boy; and Joey overheard his father chuckle about how fast his boy was growing up. And no one liked old man Cross, anyway. By the rest of town Jimmie and Joey were branded as "bad boys," and boys were warned not to play with them—but *no one tried to make Jimmie and Joey into good boys*. No great amount of reverence for the law was breathed into the babes of Ourtown those days.

Has it been taught in the schools, seminaries and colleges? Not in Ourtown. No one saw any need of it. If our boys became weak men or bad men, some ingenuously vague explanation was given. No one ever stopped to realize that, if they had been taught that law was to be respected whether or not one was likely to be caught if he disobeyed, they might have grown into good men. And in college? Oh, yes; the law was mentioned frequently by a long-haired young professor whom the ladies used to regard as extremely bright. He declared the law was all wrong. By the way, the college tired of him in 1917; and later a jury decided he was too bright and locked him up for sedition. For ten years, however, he had been teaching our boys, and he was not teaching reverence for the law. Because the boys were generally well behaved no one had worried about his teachings or about reforming those whose brains were becoming addled. Some of the latter are now our parlor Bolsheviks.

HAS it been written in primers, spelling books and almanacs? Not that we observed. We were shocked when we learned that, in one of our cities, school children were being instructed by teachers who were charged with belonging to a "communist" party, fellow members with an assortment of thieves, anarchists and common murderers. We were more shocked when we learned that one of the teachers was from Ourtown. There had been no real anarchy written in our spelling books, to be sure, but neither had she there read anything of reverence for law.

Has it been preached from the pulpits? Ourtown had a young clergyman, an admirer of the long-haired professor at the college.

He had outgrown the old-time religion, which he said was out of date. At length his progress in "modernism" threatened to carry him out of touch with the old-time Ten Commandments, and he left suddenly. But while he was with us he said a good deal about the rights of the downtrodden, and a lot of hitherto contented people gradually got the idea that they were the downtrodden for whose woes he was wailing; they got over it after he left. In another of our churches was a fine old clergyman whom the younger man's modernism so horrified that he made the mistake of ignoring all modern activities, including those of the previous fifteen centuries. So he did nothing to undo the bad or construct the good, trying to exterminate evil only by ignoring it. Judge Magruder remarked he had known ostriches to reason that way, but without great success. Of course the great bulk of people in Ourtown were orderly, industrious folks who did not need to be taught reverence for the law. Unhappily we never thought of teaching the minority of the other kind.

Has it been proclaimed in legislative halls? Oh, yes, just before election, but not much elsewhere—until recently. There was some talk about the backwardness of our representative when reverence for the law really was an issue at the statehouse; he voted against a bill which would have made it possible to enforce a statute which he himself had led in advocating the previous year. But his private life was beyond criticism and he belonged to the party, so we forgot.

HAS it been enforced in the courts of justice? Generally, yes. But, lapses occurred even there—when the man on the bench (he had defeated old Judge Magruder, who was termed "old-fashioned") looked more like a politician than a jurist, and the prosecutor, too, had ambitions. That was too much. Ourtown was genuinely angry, and Judge Magruder led his ticket the next fall, when we had discovered that old-fashioned reverence for the law was a good fault, and went to the polls to show our opinion.

Has it become the political religion of the nation?

IT WILL. IT MUST. Half a century since Lincoln, his plea not yet granted, it is our business to see that it *does* come to pass. Disrespect for the law breeds on two diets: It feeds on the unrest of the small, dissatisfied minority seeking change, any change, from the lot which, in no small proportion, they made for themselves; and it feeds on the passive lethargy of the vast majority, falsely secure in their own clean, decent lives.

The boy who, unrestrained, does deliberate injury to an individual, is father to the man who deliberately assails the Government and its law. It is of no avail to refer to him casually as a bad boy. He should be made a good boy, or at least prevented from conducting his experiments in the village square.

Why complain of erratic philosophy and stupid or vicious legislation, of radical societies, of anarchistic plots, of Bolshevik murders when—why not be candid?—the honest, industrious, loyal majority of America has conducted and is conducting no constructive, organized, vigorous campaign to throttle disrespect for the law in its inception?

Until decent men and decent women protect their communities and make it impossible for the next generation to be corrupted, some of the next generation will be led astray, part of whom could have been saved—or locked up. Having taken steps to eliminate physical drunkenness, it is time to get rid of our political "jags," among which a few of the radical ideas now current constitute the delirium tremens.

This is a confession from Ourtown. Is Yourtown doing any better to-day?

The Last Two Pages: Edited by the Office Dog

LINCOLN—"The First American"



PHOTO. BY G. V. BUCK

LINCOLN is a large subject for a small article. In his life of fifty-six years he played so many parts as completely to outdo Shakespeare's seven ages of man, for he was in his youth farm hand, store clerk, mill superintendent, stump speaker, rail splitter, boat builder, trader, inventor, grocer, surveyor, postmaster, steamboat pilot, captain of volunteers and Indian fighter; and in later life state legislator, lawyer, presidential elector, congressman, lecturer, debater, candidate for United States senator and Vice-President, orator of national renown, President, commander in chief of vast armies and fleets, emancipator, hero and martyr. In short, for ingrained versatility, native power, homespun worth and lofty steadfastness, Abraham Lincoln stands supreme. But there is one aspect in which he appears to us that comprehends all the others.

1 1 1 1

A Pennsylvanian by Descent, a Virginian by parentage, a Kentuckian by birth, an Indian by education, and an Illinoisan by residence, he summed up in his single person all the qualities that go to the making of a new type. For a time, as he loomed larger and larger in the foreground of history, neither this country nor the world in general recognized that fact. War is a relentless obscurer of popular insight.

"Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Do we behold his fame:
The kindly earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

That is the aspect in which he is here presented to you, that of "the first American"—the first man distinctly of our race, born on American soil, bred from the cradle under American institutions, who rose from the rude conditions of the humblest American life to be the embodiment of the highest aspirations, the realization of the loftiest national ideals of his fellow-countrymen—American in his virtues, American in his imperfections, and superlatively American in all that went to make him great.

His early career is a story of humble origin and homely struggle. He was indeed, as Lowell says, the new birth of a new soil. His grandfather was a pioneer and was killed by the Indians; his father was a carpenter and could neither read nor write; he himself was born in an old, tumble-down log cabin in Hardin (now called Laue) County, near Hodgenville, Kentucky, in the early morning of the twelfth of February, one hundred and eleven years ago.

Lincoln's cousin, Dennis Hanks, once told the story of that momentous birth in his customary homely language. "Tom and Nancy," he said, referring to Lincoln's father and mother, "lived on a farm about two miles from us when Abe was born. I recollect Tom comin' over to our house one cold mornin' in Feb'uary an' sayin' kind o' slow: 'Nancy's got a baby boy.' Mother got flustered an' hurried up her work to go over to look after the little feller, but I didn't have nothin' to wait for, so I cut an' run the hull two mile to see my new cousin. You bet I was tickled! Babies wasn't as common as blackberries in the woods o' Kaintucky. Mother come over an' washed him an' put a yaller flannel petticoat on him, an' cooked some dried berries with wild honey fur Nancy, an' slicked things up an' went home. An' that's all the nuss'n either of 'em got."

1 1 1 1

Such Were the Times—Rough and Rude. The country was a savage, unpeopled wilderness. There were practically no schools; there was little public worship; post offices were few and far between; books were rare; newspapers were seldom seen; and the only intellectual and spiritual stimulus attainable came from the irregular visits of so-called teachers (who, as Lincoln wrote in after years, knew nothing "beyond readin', writin', and cypherin' to the

By Franklin B. Wiley

Rule of Three"), the occasional stump speech of a candidate for office, and the more frequent sermon of some itinerant preacher, earnest and fervid, but ungrammatical and crude.

Even the slight advantages that might have been derived from a settled location were denied Lincoln, for he was taken at the age of seven from the rude Kentucky neighborhood where he was born in 1809 into the still ruder wilderness of Indiana and later into the as yet primeval forests of Central Illinois. Once he lived with the family for a whole year in what was known as "a half-faced camp"—that is, merely a shed of poles, closed in on three sides from the weather, but open to its inclemency on the fourth side. In brief, his origin and surroundings were like those of thousands of other Americans who were then growing up to be the brawn and brains of the great, undeveloped West.

1 1 1 1

Equally Typical Was His Education—or rather lack of it—and the persistence with which he overcame the deficiency. Just how and when he started to do so we do not know. Hardly anything, indeed, is known of his early childhood. "He lived," we are told, "a solitary life in the woods, returning from his lonesome little games to his cheerless home and climbing at night to his bed of leaves in the loft by a ladder of wooden pins driven into the logs." He himself never talked of these days even to his most intimate friends, but there is no question that they left their lasting impress upon the great, mirthful, melancholy man.

From two itinerant teachers he learned his alphabet "and a little more," and fortunately his mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, could help him further, for she knew how to read and write, a remarkable accomplishment in her circle. She was a handsome woman, of intellect superior to her lowly condition, and she imbued her children, Sarah and Abraham, with manners and feelings above their humble station. But two years after the family's removal to Indiana she died. Lincoln never ceased to sorrow for her early loss.

A year after her death his father married a former sweetheart, Sarah Bush Johnston, a Kentucky widow, and brought her into the desolate home. "Her coming was a godsend. She brought her own three children with her, and the two adults and five children formed a happy and united household. Soon after her arrival the family were much improved in appearance and behavior, as well as in self-respect. Of course there was always plenty of hard work to be done, and young Lincoln did his share and more. He chopped timber and split rails and hoed corn and pulled fodder along with the other boys around him.

1 1 1 1

But a Thirst for Learning as a means of rising in the world was born in him. Each day when his work was ended, his studies became the chief pleasure of his life. He read, wrote and ciphered incessantly. His voracity for anything printed was insatiable. He would sit in the twilight and read a dictionary as long as he could see. He would go to the town constable's cabin four miles and a half away and devour—the Revised Statutes of Indiana. He would sit by the fire at night and cover the wooden shovel (he could not afford to waste paper) with essays and sums which he would shave off and begin again. All his schooling amounted to less than a year, and the last of it stopped when he was fifteen.

It was while he was a clerk in Offutt's store at New Salem that he began to feel the need of some knowledge of English grammar and, hearing of a vagrant book on the subject, he set off at once on a walk of twelve miles and, returning with the coveted prize, devoted himself to the

new study with his usual intensity of application until he knew all that can be known about it from rules. Think of this great-spirited lad, battling year after year against his evil star, wasting his ingenuity upon devices and makeshifts, his intelligence starving for want of the simple means of education which are now free to all. Yet touching as the picture is, there is something inspiring about it too; something which appeals to our Americanism in this surmounting of obstacles and overcoming of difficulties; and it is with a certain thrill of pride in the achievement that we read how when John Calhoun, the surveyor of Sangamon County, offered young Lincoln a book on the principles of surveying and told him that when he had mastered it he should have employment, the youth with steady self-reliance accepted the offer and, armed with the book, went out and by six weeks' close application made himself a surveyor—and an excellent one.

It must not be inferred that because of his noble rage for learning he was in the least degree a bookworm. If at nineteen he could "spell down" the whole county in their spelling matches, he could also "down" any man in the county at a wrestling bout. Already at this early age he had gained his full height of six feet four inches, and his strength was equally gigantic. He once picked up and carried off a chicken house weighing six hundred pounds. On another occasion of later date, at Rutledge's mill, he lifted a box of stones weighing over half a ton. At still another time, seeing some men preparing a contrivance for lifting some large posts, he quickly shouldered the posts and carried them where they were wanted. "He could sink an ax deeper into wood than any man I ever saw," said one of his old employers. His strength, indeed, has become a tradition that still endures in Spencer County.

1 1 1 1

With Power Like This and a Brain to Direct It, a man was a born leader in that country and at that time, and such Lincoln soon proved to be. When a company of volunteers for the Black Hawk Indian War of 1832 was raised in New Salem, Abraham Lincoln was among those who enlisted at the first tap of the drum. The question of the captaincy was always settled in those days by popular election. So when the company assembled on the green and the point as to who should be their captain was raised, three-fourths of the men walked over to where Lincoln was standing. We have his own word for it that no subsequent success ever gave him such unmixed pleasure as this earliest distinction.

In the brief campaign that followed he was soon admitted to be the strongest man in the army. His great size was often the subject of jocose remark. One chilly morning he complained of being cold.

"No wonder," retorted a facetious comrade, "there's so much of you on the ground."

His own appreciation of his extraordinary length of limb was once shown in a speech he was making when Clay and Polk were running for the Presidency. It was at the courthouse in Jacksonville and Lincoln was telling of the time when he and John Strode used to haul goods from Alton in the summer. One night they went into camp at Piasaw. "I spread my blanket," said Lincoln, "and stretched out; and," he added, "I could not help thinking that the girls were about right when they used to say, 'Abe is long for this world.'"

1 1 1 1

His Gift of Humor and of Story-Telling endeared him to countless associates. Once, about 1850, he explained thus how he became a lawyer: "I feel sometimes now and I used to feel all the time that in court I was a sort of bull in a china shop; but after I got to going I was too

poor and too proud to stop and too old to learn any other trade. Did you ever hear the story of the man who sold 'the best coon dog in the world'? Well, after a few nights out with that wonderful dog, the purchaser brought him back to the man he had bought him from, declaring that a coon would stand a better show of treeing the dog than the dog would of treeing the coon. 'You don't think anything is made in vain, do you?' asked the vender. 'No, I do not,' was the answer. 'Well, that dog is certainly good for nothing else, and as there is nothing made in vain I thought he must be a good coon dog.' So on that principle," concluded Lincoln, "I thought I might be a good lawyer."

1 1 1 1

Examples of His Quick Wit and shrewd common sense are no less numerous than of his quaint aptness in story-telling. As is well known he never felt concern about his personal appearance or his clothes. On one occasion in 1846 a friend, passing him on the sidewalk, after one quick glance turned and said solicitously: "Abe, your coat is much too short in the waist."

"Never mind, Tom," Lincoln instantly answered kindly, but with a twinkle in his eyes; "it will be long enough—before I get another."

Some time afterward he came along one morning just as several acquaintances on a street corner had begun to wrangle about the ideal length of a man's legs in proportion to his body, and they agreed to submit the point to Lincoln's decision.

"Abe," one of them hailed him as he approached, "how long ought a man's legs to be?"

"Well, gentlemen," Lincoln drawled promptly, but with an appearance of grave consideration, "I don't pretend to know *exactly*, but it seems to me that they should be long enough—to reach from his body to the ground!"

Years after, when he was President, he again made a humorously shrewd use of a question of legs in receiving a delegation of men who were trying to influence him to hurry the passage of a petty measure by representing that it was of great importance.

"Gentlemen," Lincoln inquired gravely, "if you call the tail of a sheep a leg, how many legs will the sheep have?"

"Five," responded the spokesman of the delegation with conviction.

"No," explained Lincoln with earnest gravity and patient kindness; "it would have only four. Calling the tail a leg wouldn't make it one."

For a moment the delegation gazed blankly at the imperturbable President; then, as the application of the point sank slowly in, the members turned one by one and passed disconsolately out.

1 1 1 1

When to All These Notable Traits of application, mental and physical strength and humor were added a clearness of political insight and a power of luminous analysis, logical deduction, and lucid statement unrivaled in our annals to this day, we can readily understand how he came to occupy the place he holds in our history.

The fact that the anniversary of Washington's birthday as well as Lincoln's occurs this month makes it especially appropriate to quote as a specimen of Lincoln's eloquence the brief, closing passage of the seventy-eight-year-old address on Washington delivered by Lincoln in 1842.

"Washington," declared Lincoln, "is the mightiest name on earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty; still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name no eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on."

The time has long been when in solemn awe and reverence we pronounce the name of Lincoln with that of Washington, and in their naked, deathless splendor leave them both shining on.